THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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Interesting Account of the School of Negroes at Philadelphia.

[From "New Travels in the United States of America, by M. Briſſot de Warville."]

THERE exiſts, then, a country where the negroes are allowed to have ſouls, and to be endowed with underſtanding capable of being formed to virtue and uſeful knowledge; where they are not regarded as beaſts of burden, in order that we may have the privilege of treating them as ſuch. There exiſts a country, where the blacks, by their virtues and their induſtry, belie the calumnies which their tyrants elſewhere laviſh againſt them; where no difference is perceived between the memory of a black head whoſe hair is craped by nature, and that of a white one craped by art. I have had a proof of this to-day. I have ſeen, heard, and examined theſe black children. They read well, repeat from memory, and calculate with rapidity. I have ſeen a picture painted by a young negro, who never had a maſter: It was ſurpriſingly well done.

I ſaw in this ſchool, a mulatto, one-eighth negro; it is impoſſible to diſtinguiſh him from a white boy. His eyes diſcovered an extraordinary vivacity; and this is a general characteriſtic of people of that origin.

The black girls, beſide reading, writing, and the principles of religion, are taught ſpinning, needle-work, &c. and their miſtreſſes aſſure me, that they diſcover much ingenuity. They have the appearance of decency, attention, and ſubmiſſion. It

is a nursery of good servants and virtuous housekeepers. How criminal are the planters of the islands, who form but to debauchery and ignominy, creatures so capable of being fashioned to virtue!

It is to Benezet that humanity owes this useful establishment—to that Benezet whom Chastellux has not blushed to ridicule, for the sake of gaining the infamous applauses of the parasites of despotism.

The life of this extraordinary man merits to be known to such men as dare to think, who esteem more the benefactors of their fellow-creatures, than their oppressors, so basely idolized during their life.

Anthony Benezet was born at St. Quintin, in Picardy, in 1712. Fanaticism, under the protection of a bigot King, directed by an infamous confessor, and an infamous woman, spread at that time its ravages in France. The parents of Benezet were warm Calvinists; they fled to England, and he embraced the doctrines of the Quakers. He went to America, in 1731, and established himself at Philadelphia in commerce, the business to which he had been educated. But the rigidity of his principles and his taste not agreeing with the spirit of commerce, he quitted that business in 1736, and accepted a place in the academy of that society. From that time all his moments were consecrated to public instruction, the relief of the poor, and the defence of the unhappy negroes. Benezet possessed a universal philanthropy, which was not common at that time; he regarded, as his brothers, all men, of all countries, and of all colours; he composed many works, in which he collected all the authorities from scripture, and from other writings, to discourage and condemn the slave trade and slavery. His works had much influence in determining the Quakers to emancipate their slaves.

It was not enough to set at liberty the unhappy blacks; it was necessary to instruct them—to find them school-masters. And where should we find men willing to devote themselves to a task which prejudice had rendered painful and disgusting? No obstacle could arrest the zeal of Benezet; he set the first example himself; he consecrated his little fortune to the foundation of this school; his brethren lent some assistance; and by the help of the donations of the society of London, the school for blacks at Philadelphia enjoys a revenue of 200l. sterling.

He consecrated his fortune and his talents to their instruction; and in 1784, death removed him from this holy oc-

cupation,

cupation, to receive his reward. The tears of the blacks, which watered his tomb, the ſighs of his fraternity, and of every friend of humanity, which attended his departing ſpirit, muſt be a prize more conſoling than the laurels of a conqueror.

Benezet carried always in his pocket a copy of his works on the ſlavery of the blacks, which he gave and recommended to every one he met, who had not ſeen them. It is a method generally followed by the ſociety of friends. They extend the works of utility; and it is the true way of gaining proſelytes.

This philanthropic Quaker was preceded in the ſame career, by many others, whom I ought to mention. The celebrated George Fox, founder of this ſect, went from England to Barbadoes in the year 1671, not to preach againſt ſlavery, but to inſtruct the blacks in the knowledge of God, and to engage maſters to treat them with mildneſs.

The minds of men were not yet ripe for this reform; neither were they when William Burling, of Long-iſland, in 1718, publiſhed a treatiſe againſt ſlavery. He was a reſpectable Quaker: He preached, but in vain; the hour was not yet come.

Ought not this circumſtance to encourage the friends of the blacks in France? Sixty years of combat were neceſſary to conquer the prejudice of avarice in America. One year is ſcarcely paſſed ſince the foundation of the ſociety at Paris; and ſome apoſtates already appear, becauſe ſucceſs has not crowned their firſt endeavours.

Burling was followed by Judge Sewal, a preſbyterian of Maſſachuſetts. He preſented to the general aſſembly, a treatiſe intitled "Joſeph ſold by his brethren." He diſcovers the pureſt principles, and completely overturns the hackneyed arguments of the traders, reſpecting the pretended wars of the African princes.

It is often ſaid againſt the writings of the friends of the blacks, that they have not been witneſſes of the ſufferings which they deſcribe. This reproach cannot be made againſt Benjamin Lay, an Engliſhman, who, brought up in the African trade, afterward a planter at Barbadoes, abandoned his plantation, on account of the horror inſpired by the frightful terrors of ſlavery endured by the negroes. He retired to Philadelphia, became a Quaker, and ceaſed not the remainder of his life to preach and write for the abolition of ſlavery. His principal treatiſe on this ſubject appeared in 1737. He was thought to have too much zeal, and to have exaggerated in his deſcriptions.

 But

But these defects were expiated by a life without a stain, by an indefatigable zeal for humanity, and by profound meditations. Lay was simple in his dress, and animated in his speech; he was all on fire when he spoke on slavery. He died in 1760, in the 80th year of his age.

One of the men most distinguished in this career of humanity, was a Quaker named John Woolman. He was born in 1720. Early formed to meditation, he was judged by the friends worthy of being a minister at the age of twenty-two. He travelled much to extend the doctrines of the sect; but was always on foot, and without money or provisions, because he would imitate the apostles, and be in a situation to be more useful to the poor people and to the blacks. He abhorred slavery so much, that he would not taste any food that was produced by the labour of slaves. The last discourse that he pronounced, was on this subject. In 1772, he undertook a voyage to England, to concert measures with the friends there, on the same subject; where he died of the small-pox. He left several useful works, one of which has been through many editions, intitled "Considerations on the Slavery of the Blacks."

Advice to a Young Officer of the Militia.

Dear Tom.

I Am informed by Colonel Maraud, that you have obtained a commission in his battalion.—I know not as yet, whether to congratulate or condole with you on your promotion, for I have not yet weighed the disadvantages and advantages of it, so as to give a decided opinion upon the subject. However, as it is no doubt very agreeable to yourself, I would not be thought to dissuade you from the career of glory, which probably your stars have marked out for you, but on the contrary, presuming on my superiority in point of age, and my long experience in the service you have embraced, I trouble you with this letter, to let you partly into the nature of that service, and to offer you some advice respecting those parts of it, which to a young man are most important, and may seem most arduous.

The grand divisions of your duty are:

First, To handle the bottle with a good and ready grace.

Secondly, To intrigue with the girls without any grace at all.

Thirdly, When you leave a place, always to leave something behind you.

Laſtly, When you approach a place, to drive every thing before you.

The firſt of theſe duties is conſiderably dangerous, and has been found to add greatly to the horrors of war.—But, inheriting, as you do, the ſpirit of a long line of anceſtors, whoſe love of liquor may be traced up to the flood itſelf, it is impoſſible that you can ſhrink from your duty, though you ſhould *fall* a victim to the fatigues of the day. It will be neceſſary for you, therefore, to ſtudy the whole art of *military libation*, and be perfect maſter of the whole manual and vocal exerciſe, ſuch as *twirling* a *cork*, *inſpecting* the *cruſt*, *calling* for a *toaſt*, giving a *toaſt*, *ſaying more*, challenging with *pint bumpers*, or *filling* the *conſtable*.

On the right performance of this part of your duty depends much of that courage, which your country will expect you to exhibit in the day of battle. Why is it that men are given to fighting in their cups, if not from their drinking in freſh draughts of courage, which enables them to defy, as Colonel Toper of our regiment uſed to ſay, even the Devil himſelf? It is very neceſſary to acquire a daſhing, helterſkelter kind of heroiſm, which impels a man to fight with no matter *whom*, *when*, or *where*. In all the annals of the art military, I never knew any good done by an army, who went to work ſoberly; in fact, as far as my own experience goes, I conſider fighting to be one of thoſe things, which few men attempt in their ſober ſenſes.

Again, to ſhow how generally the principle of drinking in military affairs is adopted, conſider that our language has borrowed a ſet of phraſes from this only. How often, for inſtance do we hear gentlemen ſay, "our courage is out;" when you know, this means no more than that the bottle is out.—Happy is it, my dear Tom, that we have acquired ſuch ſkill in the philoſophy of the human mind, as to be able to recruit and repair its beſt paſſions by mechanical means, and that now-a-days a gentleman may lay in a pipe of fortitude that ſhall invigorate him and his friends for a twelvemonth.

The ſecond branch of your duty, or your employment (which is juſt the ſame thing) is *Intrigue*. As by the laws of war, the women are not allowed to follow the regiment, it is very proper that the regiment ſhould follow the women. But intrigue is neceſſary to you on another and more important account, namely, that it includes in it all the various ſtratagems,

gems, dangers, and manœuvres of war, and particularly is a happy emblem of that very momentous art, the art of besieging. Some towns are to be approached gradually, ſome to be taken by ſtorm, and ſome no doubt aſſailed by treachery, for " tricking in love is all fair."

With reſpect to the mode of intriguing, I do not know that it is neceſſary to give you any rules. Such as are neceſſary will readily occur to you. To have as many intrigues upon your hands at a time as poſſible, and where you have been ſucceſsful, to make it as public as you can—is one precept. Another is to enjoin the common men to meddle with no intrigues at their quarters, without giving *you notice.*

I ſhould pay a poor compliment to your courage, were I to hint that the dangers on this ſervice are conſiderable. I truſt you are a ſtranger to fear. As to fathers, uncles, brothers, and ſuch troubleſome fellows, they may be intimidated in various ways; you may eaſily turn their pitchforks againſt themſelves, and make their horſeponds a covering for their impertinence.

The third branch of your duty is, " *When you leave a place always leave ſomething behind you.*" To the performance of this duty you will be induced from gratitude. For, where you have been well treated, it is but natural to think you would wiſh to make ſome return. The two preſents moſt commonly made on ſuch occaſions are *children* and *debts.* How the former may be procured, I have already hinted, and, as from the tender years, ſome not perhaps above a month old, and ſome not born at all, it is impoſſible you can take them with you, and turn majors into milk-nurſes, or a battalion into a baby-houſe, you muſt of courſe leave them to thoſe who may be inclined to take care of them from natural affection. *Humanity* alſo require this, for what can be ſo ſhocking as to render a mother childleſs?

No, my dear Tom, leave it to foreign monſters to tear from mothers their innocent offspring.—Be it your's to repair the ravages of foreign wars, by cultivating the arts of population, and providing for the neceſſities of poſterity.—I beg leave here to allude to the preſent ſtate of oak in this country. It was lately diſcovered that that valuable tree was becoming ſcarce, owing to the narrow notions of ſome noblemen, who would not plant young trees, becauſe forſooth (they ſaid) they could not live to ſee them full grown.—Narrow and ſelfiſh is ſuch an idea?—It reminds me of a man who would do nothing for poſterity, becauſe poſterity had done nothing for *him.*

No—

No—I truſt that, if military propagation continues as it has begun, a regiment may perpetuate its exiſtence, and all but commiſſioned officers, exhibit a ſeries of generations as regular as Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob.—I have dwelt ſo long on this part of the ſubject to convince you that, if *you think* you are doing good to yourſelf, you are at the ſame time doing good to your country. I have heard it ſaid, that " *He* is a patriot who makes a blade of graſs grow where graſs never grew before."—I need not make a *parody* on this poſition, to ſhow that children are preferable to clover.

As to the leaving *debts*, the ſubject is ſo well known and underſtood, that I will not affront your experience by ſuppoſing you ignorant of it. In point of *fame*, however, it is neceſſary you ſhould leave ſomething of this kind behind you wherever you go. For, if it ſhould happen that *hiſtory* is ſilent as to your deeds, your memory will not periſh, but be recorded in black and white, in every town through which you paſs. It is not material how one obtains *fame*. Fame is a variegated animal, full of ſpots, and ſtripes, and ſtreaks—and the *credit* which has been refuſed to a man in the day of battle, has often been granted in the bill of parcels.

On this ſubject, permit me, my dear Tom, to digreſs a little. It ſometimes happens that a tradeſman will grumble, and ſometimes perhaps really may ſuffer; for a vintner, for example, is not paid as an apothecary would fully be, merely by returning the empty bottles.—In ſuch caſes, why cannot tradeſmen take a hint from men of honour, make a bonfire of their books, and proclaim that all their debts are " debts of honour ?" In this caſe, they would have the laws of honour to ſecure payment, whereas at preſent they actually affront men of honour, by their paltry demands, and, as you read in that admirable ſyſtem of morality, the School for Scandal, " paying tradeſmen is but *encouraging* them."

It certainly is a moſt ſhameful thing that an officer (as yourſelf I hope will one day prove) who has undauntedly braved a battery of cannon, ſhould turn pale at the ſight of a bit of paper that would not ſtop a whiſtle.

What would you think! How would your gorge riſe, if, when you had conducted ſome dangerous expedition, captured for inſtance, a whole detachment of poultry, made a breach in the demibaſtion of a tavern, marched without fear and without danger, through a meadow of terror-inſpiring bulls and oxen, or perhaps, had conducted a party of ladies through the perils of the Bridgewater canal, with one chance of being buried, and

two of being drowned;—I ſay, if, when you returned victorious from theſe and other like expeditions incident to your profeſſion, you were to have your fear excited, and your laurels blaſted by the vile hand of an attorney, egged on to inſult you by that *diſcount* of human nature called a taylor!—By the dignity of Mars! could you bear it,

——" When you might *his* quietus make
" By a bare *bodkin?*"——

I am afraid, my dear Tom, that I have made this letter longer than you will have leiſure to read, eſpecially as you are going into a ſervice where you muſt accompliſh *actions*, and not mind *words*. I haſten, therefore, to cloſe with remarking, that the fourth great branch of your duty is, " *When you approach a place, to drive every thing before you.*"—I ſhall dwell the leſs on this ſubject, as you muſt be convinced that it is eſſential to your progreſs, to overcome all obſtacles, and inſpire a proper terror in all beholders. I would not have you, therefore, to regard ſuch trifles as corn-fields, farmer's yards, broad-wheeled waggons, detachments of gleaners or hop-pickers.—The military road has time out of mind been a deviation from the highway, though apparently leading to it.

I have now offered you a few hints on ſome of the moſt material parts of your ſervice. Time will not permit me to enlarge upon all of them, and you know enough naturally to render that unneceſſary.—I have ſaid nothing, for inſtance, of gaming, becauſe you may ſoon be inoculated in that diſorder, if you have it not the natural way.—I have likewiſe ſaid nothing of *betting*—but, by the way, I would not have you bet upon ſuch things as battles abroad, and ſea-fights, for theſe are generally ſo artfully miſrepreſented by both parties, that it become as difficult to know who gained the *bet*, as who gained the *battle*.—No—I would have your bets turn on objects, more within your inſpection and more important—ſuch as the race of a pair of maggots from a filbert—the colour of your landlady's ſtockings—two to one that Kate Matchlock has twins—three to two that Corporal Filch is hanged before Chriſtmas—five to one you don't produce a man who can repeat the Lord's Prayer, &c. &c. &c. Theſe are not only important in themſelves, but equally ſo as affording materials for rational and improving converſation.

One thing yet remains, which it would be unpardonable to paſs by.—I ſuppoſe you have already been looking for it, and

gueſs I mean "an affair of honour," *alias* duelling, *alias* pinking a man. This would require a treatiſe inſtead of a letter, and therefore I muſt be brief, and confine myſelf principally to one topic, the *cauſes* of duelling.—Now, as no challenge can be refuſed, I hope that you will ſelect ſuch cauſes as may appear dignified and becoming your character, ſuch as the fleetneſs of a horſe, or the flightineſs of a woman.—I mean no diſreſpect to either of theſe perſonages by claſſing them together, but I am vindicated in my arrangement from a conſideration of the cauſes of above a hundred duels, which have happened in my time, and which puzzle me very much to find where the ſeat of honour really is. I am not, however, afraid of your perſonal danger in the affair of duelling—Independent of your good temper, I am of opinion that duelling will very ſoon be baniſhed from the army. It is impoſſible that gentlemen of the army can continue a faſhion, which has been polluted by the loweſt mechanics, who now talk of their honour, as formerly they uſed to talk of their honeſty; who load their piſtols oftener than they diſcharge their debts, and are more ambitious of a character behind Montague-houſe, than on the Royal Exchange.

I will now take my leave, my dear Tom, wiſhing you health and happineſs, and a glorious retreat to the manſions of peace, where the "dogs of war," ſhall be again chained; when you ſhall pare down your ſpontoon to a walking-ſtick, ſhoot nothing but partridges with your fuſil, and beat your ſword into a carving-knife.

I am,

Dear Tom, your's ſincerely,

CHRISTOPHER CARBONADE,

Late Major of the Brentford militia.

Some farther Account of the Executions in Paris in the Months of July and Auguſt, 1792.

By Mr. Twiss.

THE crowd began to aſſemble at ten in the morning, and waited, expoſed to the intenſe heat of the ſun in the middle of July, till four in the afternoon, when the criminals, a Marquis and a prieſt, were brought, in two coaches; they were condemned for having forged aſſignats.

The Marquis aſcended the ſcaffold firſt; he was as pale as if he had already been dead, and he endeavoured to hide his face, by pulling his hair over it. There were two executioners, dreſſed in black, on the ſcaffold, one of which immediately tied a plank of about eighteen inches broad, and an inch thick, to the body of the Marquis, as he ſtood upright, faſtening it about the arms, the belly, and the legs. This plank was about four feet long, and came almoſt up to his chin. A prieſt who attended, then applied a crucifix to his mouth, and the two executioners directly laid him on his belly on the bench, lifted up the upper part of the board which was to receive his neck, adjuſted his head properly, then ſhut the board, and pulled the ſtring which is faſtened to the peg at the top of the machine, which lifted up a latch, and down came the axe. The head was off in a moment, and fell into a baſket which was ready to receive it; the executioner took it out, and held it up by the hair, to ſhow the populace, and then put it into another baſket along with the body. Very little blood had iſſued as yet.

The prieſt was now taken out of the coach, from which he might have ſeen his companion ſuffer. The bloody axe was hoiſted up, and he underwent the ſame operation exactly. Each of theſe executions laſted about a minute in all, from the moment of the criminal's aſcending the ſcaffold, to that of the body's being taken away. It was now ſeen that the body of the Marquis made ſuch a violent expiration, that the belly raiſed the lid of the baſket it was in, and the blood ruſhed out of the great arteries in torrents.

The windows of the *Place de Greve* were, as uſual on ſuch occaſions, filled with ladies. Many perſons were performing on violins and trumpets, in order to paſs the time away, and to relieve the tedioufneſs of expectation.

The following are a few of the particulars of the unlicenſed fury of the Pariſian mob after their battle with the Swiſs:

The *quais*, the bridges, the gardens, and the immediate ſcene of battle, were covered with bodies, dead, dying, and drunk; many wounded and drunk died in the night; the ſtreets were filled with carts, carrying away the dead, with litters taking the wounded to hoſpitals; with women and children crying for the loſs of their relations, with men, women, and children, walking among and ſtriding over the dead bodies, in ſilence, and with apparent unconcern; with troops of the *ſans-culottes* running about, covered with blood, and carrying, at the end of their bayonets, rags of the clothes which they had torn

torn from the bodies of the dead Swiſs, who were left ſtark naked in the gardens.

One of theſe *ſans-culottes* was bragging that he had killed eight Swiſs with his own hand; another was obſerved lying wounded, all over blood, aſleep or drunk, with a gun, piſtols, a ſabre, and a hatchet by him.

The courage and ferocity of the women was this day very conſpicuous. The firſt perſon that entered the Tuilleries, after the firing ceaſed, was a woman named Teroigne: She had been very active in the riots at Bruſſels, a few years ago; ſhe afterwards was in priſon a twelvemonth at Vienna; and when ſhe was releaſed, after the death of the Emperor, went to Geneva, which city ſhe was ſoon obliged to leave; ſhe then came to Paris, and headed the Marſeillois; ſhe began by cleaving the head of a Swiſs, who ſolicited her protection, and who was inſtantaneouſly cut in pieces by her followers. She is agreeable in her perſon, which is ſmall, and is about twenty-eight years of age.

Many men, and alſo many women, as well of the order of *poiſſardes* (which are a claſs almoſt of the ſame ſpecies and rank with our fiſhwomen, and who are eaſily diſtinguiſhed by their red cotton bibs and aprons) as others, ran about the gardens, ripping open the bellies, and daſhing out the brains, of ſeveral of the naked dead Swiſs.

At ſix in the evening I ſaw a troop of national guards and *ſans-culottes* kill a Swiſs who was running away, by cleaving his ſkull with a dozen ſabres at once, on the Pont-royal, and then caſt him into the river, in leſs time than it takes to read this, and afterwards walk quietly on.

The ſhops were ſhut all this day, and alſo the theatres; no coaches were about the ſtreets, at leaſt not near the place of carnage; the houſes were lighted up, and patroles paraded the ſtreets all night. Not a ſingle houſe was pillaged.

The barracks were ſtill in flames, as well as the houſes of the Swiſs porters at the end of the gardens: Theſe laſt gave light to five or ſix waggons which were employed all night in carrying away the dead carcaſes.

But to return to thoſe "active citizens, whom ariſtocratic inſolence has ſtyled *ſans-culottes, brigands.*"

On Sunday they dragged a man to the Hotel de Ville, before a magiſtrate, to be tried for having ſtolen ſomething in the Tuilleries, as they ſaid. He was accordingly tried, ſearched, and nothing being found on him, was acquitted. *N'importe*, ſaid theſe citizens; we muſt have his head for all that, for we

caught him in the act of ſtealing. They laid him on his back on the ground, and, in the preſence of the judge who had acquitted him, they ſawed off his head in about a quarter of an hour, with an old notched ſcythe, and then gave it to the boys to carry about on a pike, leaving the carcaſe in the juſtice-hall.

At the corner of almoſt every chief ſtreet is a black marble ſlab, inſerted in the wall about ten feet high, on which is cut in large letters, gilt, *Loix et actes de l'autorité publique* (laws and acts of the public authority); and underneath are paſted the daily, and ſometimes hourly, decrees and notices of the National Aſſembly. One of theſe acquainted the citizens, that Mandat (the former Commander-General of the National Guards) had yeſterday undergone the puniſhment due to his crimes; that is to ſay, the people had cut off his head.

During ſeveral days, after the day I procured all the Paris newſpapers, about twenty, but all on the ſame ſide, as the people had put the editors of the ariſtocratic papers, *hors d'etat de parler* (prevented their ſpeaking), by beheading one or two of them, and deſtroying all their preſſes.

They, about this time, hanged two money-changers (people who gave paper for louis d'or, crowns, and guineas), under the idea that the money was ſent to the Emigrants.

On the Saturday morning, at ſeven, I was in the Tuilleries gardens; only thirty-eight dead naked bodies were ſtill lying there; they were, however, covered where decency required: the people who ſtript them on the preceding evening having cut a gaſh in the belly, and left a bit of the ſhirt ſticking to the carcaſe by means of the dried blood. I was told that the body of a lady had juſt been carried out of the Carouſel ſquare: She was the only woman killed, and that probably by accident. Here I had the pleaſure of ſeeing many beautiful ladies (and ugly ones too, as I thought) walking arm in arm with their male friends, though ſo early in the morning, and forming little groups, occupied in contemplating the mangled naked and ſtiff carcaſes.

ANECDOTES.

IN Sir John Sinclair's ſtatiſtical account of Scotland, it is mentioned, that over the Burn, or rivulet Paharrow, in the ſtewartry of Kirkcudbright, is a handſome ſtone bridge, of two arches, built by Quintin Maclurg, a taylor, from the earnings

of

of his trade, which never exceeded fourpence a day. His life had frequently been endangered, when paſſing this Burn in the proſecution of his buſineſs, and he patriotically determined, that none after him ſhould ever be brought into ſuch jeopardy.

DURING the late ſiege of Liſle, in which the Auſtrians fired great numbers of bombs and red hot balls, a perſon named Auvegneur, ſerving a piece of cannon on the ramparts, was informed that his houſe was ſet on fire by a red-hot ball. He turned round, ſaw his houſe in flames, and inſtantly ſaid, "I am here at my poſt: Let us return fire for fire."—He remained accordingly at his poſt till he was relieved.

MR. FERGUSON, a Scotchman, an excellent geometrician, who had entered into the ſervice of the illuſtrious Czar Peter the Great of Ruſſia, was the firſt that introduced the uſe of arithmetic into the Ruſſian Exchequer-Office, where, till then, they had followed the ſame method of reckoning that is uſed by the Tartars, with balls ſtrung upon a wire. This method, indeed, ſupplied the place of writing, but was very troubleſome and defective; becauſe, after making the calculation, there is no way of diſcovering any error. The Indian cyphers we now uſe, and for which we are indebted to the Arabians, were not introduced among us before the ninth century, and the Ruſſians did not become acquainted with them till near a thouſand years afterward.

A Perſon, one day, obſerved to Menedemus, an ancient Greek philoſopher, "It is a great happineſs to have what we deſire."—It is a much greater happineſs," anſwered Menedemus, "to deſire nothing but what we have."

AT the cloſe of the laſt century, when the French Marſhal Catinat invaded Piedmont, at the head of 30,000 men, the Count de Santena ſo bravely defended againſt him the old caſtle of Avigliano, about three German miles from Turin, that, when he was obliged to ſurrender it, he not only obtained the honours of war, but was invited, as a compliment to his gallant behaviour, to dine with the Marſhal. At table, ſome of the French officers upbraided Santena, on account of the Duke of Savoy's having formed a league with *heretics* againſt the *Moſt Chriſtian King*. Santena remained ſilent for ſome time, till, at laſt, he aſked the Marſhal whether he would allow him freedom of ſpeech. Catinat conſenting, he replied, that his

his master had, indeed, for self-defence, taken up arms against the King of France, and entered into an alliance with *heretics*, such as the English and Dutch; nay, farther, that his master was for doing something worse, and had sent to Constantinople, to negotiate a league with the *Turks*; but his *Most Christian Majesty* had been unluckily before hand with him *there.*—Catinat laughed at the officers, who had extorted this keen repartee from Santena; observing, that this might teach them never again to insult a brave man under misfortunes.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* INNS *in* FRANCE.

By ARTHUR YOUNG, *Esq. F. R. S.*

HAVING now crossed the kingdom, and been in many French inns, I shall in general observe, that they are on an average better in two respects, and worse in all the rest, than those in England. We have lived better in point of eating and drinking beyond a question, than we should have done in going from London to the Highlands of Scotland, at double the expence. But if in England the best of every thing is ordered, without any attention to the expence, we should for double the money have lived better than we have done in France; the common cookery of the French gives great advantage.—It is true they roast every thing to a chip, if they are not cautioned: but they give such a number and variety of dishes, that if you do not like some, there are others to please your palate. The desert at a French inn has no rival at an English one; nor are the liquors to be despised. We sometimes have met with bad wine, but upon the whole, far better than such port as English inns give. Beds are better in France; in England they are good only at good inns; and we have none of that torment, which is so perplexing in England, to have the sheets aired; for we never trouble our heads about them, doubtless on account of the climate. After these two points, all is a blank. You have no parlour to eat in; only a room with two, three, or four beds. Apartments badly fitted up; the walls white-washed; or paper of different sorts in the same room; or tapestry so old, as to be a fit nidus for moths and spiders; and the furniture such, that an English innkeeper would light his fire with it. For a table, you have every where a board laid on cross bars, which are so conveniently contrived, as to leave room for your legs only at the end. Oak chairs

with

with rush bottoms, and the back universally a direct perpendicular, that defies all idea of rest after fatigue. Doors give music as well as entrance; the wind whistles through their chinks; and hinges grate discord. Windows admit rain as well as light; when shut they are not easy to open; and when open not easy to shut. Mops, brooms, and scrubbing brushes are not in the catalogue of the necessaries of a French inn.—Bells there are none; the *fille* must always be bawled for; and when she appears, is neither neat, well dressed, nor handsome. The kitchen is black with smoke; the master commonly the cook, and the less you see of the cooking, the more likely you are to have a stomach to your dinner; but this is not peculiar to France. Copper utensils always in great plenty, but not always well tinned. The mistress rarely classes civility or attention to her guests among the requisites of her trade.

INTERESTING TRIALS.

KING's BENCH,

MONDAY, March 4.

CRIM. CON.

BROMWELL *versus* SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY.

THIS was an action to recover from the defendant a compensation in damages, for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife.

J. Wilson, who resided at Newcastle, said, that he well knew the plaintiff and his wife; they appeared to the witness to live together with great felicity and domestic harmony. A few years since reports had been circulated at Newcastle injurious to the lady's honour and character, which sensibly affected the plaintiff, who, together with the witness, made every exertion to discover the truth of such report; the result of their inquiries was a persuasion that they were ill-founded.

The only witness to prove the fact of adultery was Eleanor Swinny, a servant to the plaintiff; she swore that she caught the defendant and the plaintiff's wife together in the act of adultery on the landing-place of the stairs, in her master's house at Newcastle; she did not communicate this discovery till about eight months afterwards; she said, Mrs. Bromwell told

told her she would poiſon herſelf if ſhe mentioned to the plaintiff what had happened.

The Jury withdrew for about half an hour, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, damages—400l.

The King *againſt* Stephen Devereux.

THIS was an indictment for perjury, charged to have been committed by the defendant on the trial of Captain Kimber at the Old Bailey, and was tried before Lord Kenyon and a ſpecial jury at Guildhall, London, on the 20th of February laſt.

Some witneſſes having been called to prove the examination of the defendant before Sir Sampſon Wright, his examination at the Old Bailey, and other matters, and ſeveral witneſſes heard on the part of the defendant, Lord Kenyon, with much propriety, ſtopped the further progreſs of the cauſe, giving it as his opinion, that the evidence for the proſecution was ſo mainly ſhaken by that brought forward on the part of the defendant, that he muſt neceſſarily be acquitted; and the jury agreeing with his Lordſhip in opinion, immediately brought in a verdict of—Not Guilty.

Harris *verſus* Brown.

THIS was an action to recover from the defendant a ſatisfaction in damages, for publiſhing a falſe and ſcandalous libel, reflecting upon the character of the plaintiff.

The Counſel for the plaintiff lamented the number of libels which daily made their appearance. He ſaid, he was as great a friend to the genuine liberty of the preſs as any of thoſe Gentlemen who had ſtood forth as its profeſſed advocates; but he felt a perſuaſion, that thoſe who abuſed or connived at the abuſe of it, were its moſt dangerous enemies. The plaintiff was a reſpectable tradeſman, and the defendant a gentleman of fortune. The defendant had ſent a letter to a friend of the plaintiff, in which he had repreſented him to be a cheat and a ſcoundrel, and totally unworthy of credit. The ſending a libellous letter to any perſon was, in contemplation of law, a publication of it. The defendant had pleaded the truth of the contents of this letter by way of juſtification, which in a civil

action he had certainly a right to do, but unless he could support his plea, it would be an aggravation of his case.

Two witnesses were called to prove, that the defendant sent the libellous letter, and that the plaintiff was a man of character and integrity; these witnesses contradicted each other in several particulars, in consequence of which the plaintiff was nonsuited.

WHITE *versus* M'ALASTER *and* OTHERS.

MR. ERSKINE stated, that this action was brought by the plaintiff, who was an attorney in the Temple, in order to recover the sum of 140l. for work and labour done to the defendants. Mr. M'Alaster and some other gentlemen were respondentia bond-holders on a Portuguese East Indiaman, and sent the plaintiff to Lisbon, where he was detained three months in transacting their business.

The plaintiff's clerk proved the most material part of his case. It was admitted by the plaintiff, that he had not recovered this money, but had done every thing in his power that he conceived was for the interest of his employers.

Mr. M'Donald, Counsel for the defendant, stated, that this was a voyage of pleasure, and not of business. That the plaintiff had carried his mistress with him, to breathe the soft air of Lisbon, and that his whole time was taken up with shewing her curiosities of the country. Although the plaintiff was a gentleman of very respectable character, yet if he did not mind the business of his employers, he had no right to call on them for any compensation. He had recovered no part of their money whatever.

A witness was then called, but failed in proving these facts; in consequence of which the Jury gave a verdict for plaintiff, for 140l.

HERTFORD ASSIZES.

HOWARD *versus* BOVINGDON.

AN action of importance to the clergy and farmers was tried on the 2d instant, at the assizes for the county of Herts, before Sir Henry Gould, in which Simeon Howard, lessee, under the Bishop of London, of the tythes of the parish of Rick-

menworth, was plaintiff, and James Bovingdon, occupier of a farm in that parish, was defendant. The action was grounded upon the statute of the 2d Edward VI. for treble damages, for not setting out the tythes of barley. The tythe man (the plaintiff's witness) proved the defendant had set out the tythe of his barley, by throwing the swaths with pitchforks into small cocks before any of the ground was raked, and plaintiff carried the tythe of the cocks away, and afterwards would not permit the plaintiff to have the tythe of rakings. The quantity of corn to be raked up was not more than usual; whereupon the question appeared to be, whether the plaintiff was entitled to tythe of raking or not? Mr. Garrow, in a very able speech, stated the origin of tythes, and of what payable, and cited the opinion and determinations of ancient and modern sages of the law, to show rakings were not due, unless they were foul rakings, and conscious to defraud the parson or proprietor of the tythe. A verdict was given for the defendant.

ANECDOTES *of* Dr. JOHNSON.

IN the year 1729, while at Lichfield, during the college vacation, he was overwhelmed with a dreadful hypochondria, from which malady he was never after perfectly relieved. He read Shakespeare at a period so early, that the speech of the Ghost in Hamlet, terrified him when he had finished it. Horace's Odes were the composition he most liked in early life, but it was long before he could relish his satires and epistles. What he read solidly at Oxford, was Greek. He was frequently seen, while at Pembroke College, lounging at the college gate, with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with his wit.

The narrowness of his father's circumstances, however, prevented the completion of his academical education, for the friend to whom he had trusted for support failed him, and he left college in autumn 1731, with a degree. In December following, his father died, in very narrow circumstances. In this forlorn state, Dr. J. accepted an appointment as Usher to a school at Market Bosworth in Leicestershire, to which he went on foot on the 16th of July, 1732. He was, however, soon tired of this employment, and accepted an invitation to spend some time with Mr. Hector, surgeon, at Birmingham, where he translated Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia.

Dr.

Dr. J.'s juvenile attachments to the fair ſex were tranſient, and he never had a criminal connexion. About the age of 25, he became enamoured with Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer in Birmingham, with whom he had been acquainted before her huſband's death. Indeed he had been firſt enamoured with the daughter, Miſs Lucy Porter. Mrs. Porter was double the age of Dr. Johnſon: they were married at Derby, whither they rode on horſeback to have the ceremony performed.—Dr. Johnſon next ſet up a private claſſical academy at Edial, in Staffordſhire, but he had no pupils but the two Garricks, and one other young gentleman; and after a year and a half he gave up his academical plan.

About this period he was diligently employed on his Irene, with which Mr. Walmſley, Regiſter of the Biſhop's Court at Litchfield, was ſo well pleaſed, that he adviſed him to proceed with it. When he had finiſhed ſome part of it, he read what he had done to Mr. Walmſley, who objected to his having already brought his heroine into great diſtreſs, and aſked him, "How can you poſſibly contrive to plunge her into deeper calamity?" Johnſon, in ſly alluſion to the ſuppoſed oppreſſive proceedings of the Court of which Mr. Walmſley was Regiſter, replied, "Sir, I can put her into the Spiritual Court!"

A REFLECTION.

A Mild temper is a moſt invaluable bleſſing. Impatience and paſſion always defeat their own intentions. A cool man has a great and decided advantage over one that is paſſionate and cannot govern either his words or his actions,

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Anſwer, by Joſeph Applin, of Sturminſter Newton, to Triangularius's Queſtion, inſerted December 10.

Put	1	$x =$ one leg
Then	2	$56 - x =$ the other leg
$1 \odot^2$	3	x^2
$2 \odot^2$	4	$3136 - 112x + x^2$
$3 + 4$	5	$2x^2 - 112x + 3136 = 1600$
$5 \div 2$	6	$x^2 - 56x + 1568 = 800$
6 tranſpoſed	7	$x^2 - 56x = -768$
□ compleat	8	$x^2 - 56x + 784 = 16$
8 uv^2	9	$x - 28 = 4$
9 tranſpoſed	10	$x = 32 =$ one leg
$56 - 10$	11	$24 =$ the other leg

*** We have received the like anſwer from John Dymock, a pupil to the Rev. Edward Jones, of Shafteſbury; and I. Salter, of Payhembury.

Anſwer, by R. Uren junior, of Grampound, to James Cooke's Rebus, inſerted January 7.

DACAPO is the theme you mean,
As by your lines is plainly ſeen.

Anſwer, by G. S. near St. Auſtell, to J. Bulgin's Charade, inſerted January 7.

BEEF STAKES are food moſt excellent,
And give to Engliſhmen content.

‡†‡ We have received the like anſwer from R. Uren. jun. of Grampound.

Anſwer, by a Conſtant Reader of St. Auſtell, to R. Williams's borrowed Enigma, inſerted January 7.

WHILE Williams writes in borrow'd* lore,
His CONSCIENCE muſt accuſe him;
And all who know the petty theft
Moſt ſurely will abuſe him.

* The enigma was taken verbatim from the Weekly Miſcellany for July 29, 1782.

†‡† We have received the like anſwer from Tyro, of St. Auſtell; J. K. C. near Wells; and R. Uren jun. Grampound.

Anſwer, by J. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to I. Salter's Anagram, inſerted January 14.

WHILST we purſue life's ſhort uneven RACE,
O'er a few ACRES of revolving ſoil;
The choiceſt moments that we can embrace
Are fraught inceſſantly with CARES and toils.

§†§ We

§†§ We have received the like anſwer from E. Giddy, and J. Traer, of Truro; J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Carey; and S. Hill, near Dawliſh.

A CHARADE, *by Philagathus, of Dartington.*

UNTO my firſt with deep remorſe
The trembling captive doth repair;
Where quickly then his awful doom,
The Judge doth ſolemnly declare.
A well-known ſnare my next will ſhew,
To which vaſt numbers fall a prey:
Now from my whole, ye wits ſo keen,
You will a well-known town diſplay.

A CHARADE, *by J. Chivers, of St. Auſtell.*

MY firſt in Britain's iſle is found;
My ſecond's in the ocean ſeen;
And if my whole you would expound,
Oft on my firſt's back I have been.

A REBUS, *by T. K. of Gulval.*

A Bad diſtemper bring to ſight;
And next a bird that feeds by night;
A fallen angel next diſplay;
And then a fiſh without delay;
A well-known fruit you'll hit, Sirs, right;
A flower ſweet with that unite;
A point of wind you'll next find out;
And then a metal there's no doubt;
A ſhout of joy muſt next appear;
A noble title next ſhow clear;
A worthy monarch that I love;
A bar of gold add to the above;
A ſpice you'll join aright and true;
And next what's excellent. Adieu!
If you the initials place all in their proper ſtation,
You'll find what Britons all ſhould ſay who are true to England's nation.]

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

HYMN *to the* LIGHT.

[From " Poems chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonſhire and Cornwall."]

OFFSPRING of Chaos! at whoſe ſight
The gloomy power firſt knew delight;
Whoſe tides of glory ever rove
Around the dazzling throne of Jove!
Who life to nature does ſupply,
Depriv'd of whom ſhe ſoon would die:
Say, from what radiant ſtores of heaven
Are all thy winged arrows given?
By thee yon vivid colours glow,
Thy arms, the gay celeſtial bow.
Swift a vagrant thought can run,
Thy race is finiſh'd when begun.
Thy motion uncontroul'd and free,
Angelic ſpeed ſcarce equals thee.

Faireſt of beings! thee I praiſe!
Whether thou dart'ſt thy burning rays
Sublime, on Sol's illuſtrious car,
Waging thy fierce meridian war;
Or whether thou with milder gleam
Direct'ſt the moon's reflected beam;
Or view'ſt the azure vault profound,
And all thy orbs which roll around.
Nor 'mid theſe triumphs, doſt thou ſcorn
The lowly glow worm to adorn;
Or with their living ſpangles gild
The humble flowerets of the field.

Darkneſs thy piercing looks affright,
And Sleep, the lazy bird of night.

Aſham'd

Aſham'd and trembling to appear,
They ſeek the nether hemiſphere.
With them haſt'ning take the alarm,
Painted dreams, a buſy ſwarm;
At the firſt opening of thy eye
With ſpeed the antic atoms fly.
Each ſerpent, every beaſt obſcene,
With conſcious dread avoids thy reign;
For thou great Nature's favourite art,
She bids each evil thing depart.
Each goblin, and unbodied ſhade,
Before thy ſacred influence fade;
They quit the cheerful haunts of men,
And muttering ſeek their central den.

At thy appearance Grief up-ſprings,
Erect his head, and plum'd his wings.
Thy comforts cloudy care beguile,
Thou giv'ſt the gentle beamy ſmile.
Fear, at thy preſence, courage feels,
His ſoul unwonted vigour ſteels;
New life he gains at ſight of thee,
Red is the cheek, and firm his knee.
The bluſhing face of luſt betrays
The approach of thy ethereal rays;
To curtain'd darkneſs he retires,
And rolls in night his ſmoaky fires.

When, goddeſs, thou uplift'ſt thy head
From out the Morning's purple bed,
The birds their notes of bliſs employ,
The univerſe is full of joy;
With rapid, yet expreſſive force,
Thou paint'ſt the landſcape in thy courſe;
All that delights and charms our eye
Diſplays thy varied livery.
The roſe thy crimſon garment wears,
The azure ſtains the harebell bears;
The virgin lillies in their white
Are clad with chaſte unſpotted light;
The violet boaſts thy purple veſt;
Thine is the tulip's gaudy creſt;
Their flame condens'd, thy jewels ſhew,
And ſtrong the ſolid colours glow.

Who ſhall thy liberal gifts withhold?
Yet ah! why deck pernicious gold?
Didſt thou to gold leſs value give,
How happy wretched man might live.
To me the ſun is fairer far,
To me, the moon, each twinkling ſtar,
The verdant grove, the glittering rill,
The daiſied lawn, and blueiſh hill:
But few, ah! wondrous few I ſee,
Who do not gold prefer to thee!

Thy path, thro' heaven, and air, and ſea,
What eye, oh goddeſs! can ſurvey?
Thro' all, thy waves ſoft ſtreaming ſlide,
Thro' all, thy living currents glide;
Or join'd, in one vaſt ocean flow,
And bathe this univerſe below.

But thy unfathom'd ſource, Oh Light!
Is in the empyrean height;
Thy ſtreams, from that exhauſtleſs urn
Firſt flow'd, and thither muſt return.

ELEGIAC SONNET.

FANCY, with ſportive taſte, for me denies
To weave fair garlands of her fav'rite flowers;
While painful mem'ry to my mind ſupplies
Loſt ſcenes of joy—that might have bleſs'd my hours.

Lo! ſaddeſt Melancholy in her ſtead,
Comes wrapt in garb of ſable hue;
And ſlowly twines around this aching head,
Dark wreaths of cypreſs, and of baleful yew.

Sad nymph—muſt I with her in lonely mood,
Keep long my painful gloomy thoughts alive;
With her, o'er diſappointments keen, ſtill brood,
Or ne'er my wonted chearfulneſs revive.

Ah! ne'er—till memory forbears to pain
This heart, with comforts flown—it can't regain.

LAVINIA.

Datchet, March 4.